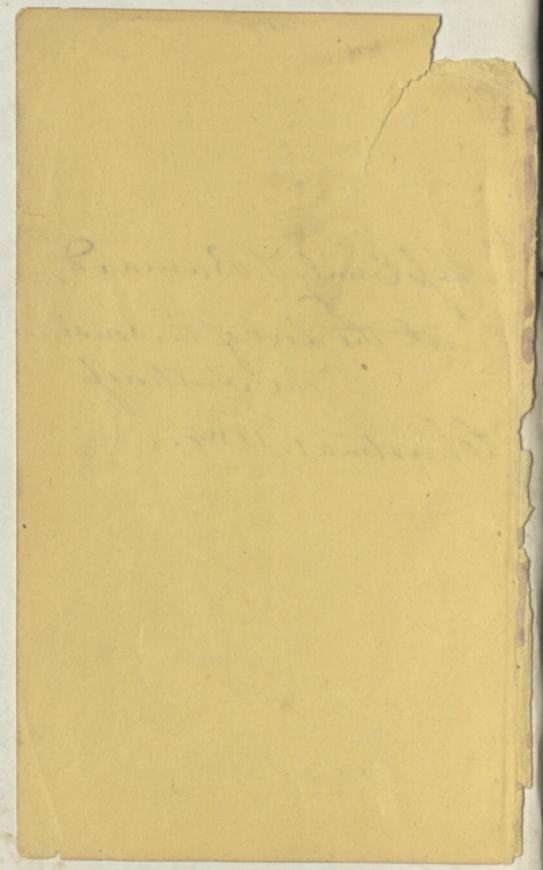
Miss Emily T. Barnard,
with the love of her cousin
The Author.
Christmas. 1884.

Mrs Cleary.

ems
Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford,
copied into
his book
for
son,
Alcott Hanaford.

Purchased in Jersey City, May 6 1884.
5th birthday. P.A.H.



Poems
Composed by Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford,
and copied into
this book
for
her son,
Howard Alcott Hanaford.

This book was purchased in Jersey City, May 6 1874.
My 45th birth day. P. A. H.

1874.

The Grave of Livingstone.

Not in the grand old Abbey's shade,
In darkness and in gloom,
They laid the dust which love conveyed
From Afric's wilds swift home:
But where upon the marble shaft
The sunshine oft can play,
And birds with sweet, wild note may sing
Above it every day.

And there the moonbeams oft may rest
Upon th' explorer's grave,
Who nobly gave his life to learn
Of lands beyond the wave:
Of lands beneath the tropic sun
In orient beauty drest,
Among whose nations free and wild
Barbaric splendors rest.

Far from his native land he fell,
Far from his chosen few;—
The red-cross banner sadly waves,
And falleth sorrow's dew,

874.

Above the grave that England's love
In honor gave to him,
Whose fame a lustre sheds on her
Which never shall grow dim.

Repose at last, oh, lifeless dust!
His journeys all are done,
And on the place where thou shalt rest
Shall smile the cheerful sun.
For to the God whose works he loved
Whose wisdom he adored,
Forever free from clogs of sense,
His spirit now hath soared.

Shine on his grave, oh glorious sun!
Shine there, resplendent moon!
He shares a radiance evermore
Far brighter than the noon:
And for the weary march below
He shares the eagle's flight,
And views diviner wonders now
Where never comes the night.

And when the promised day shall dawn
And Ethiopia's hands
Are stretched to God, her grateful prayer,
Shall, with her wondrous lands,
His name forever blend in pride,
Explorer, teacher, friend!
Who for her noblest interests was
Content his life to spend.

The above poem was suggested by a paragraph in the New York Herald of April 20, '74, speaking of Livingstone's grave as being in the sunshine — tho' in Westminster — and was composed in the cars on the Shore Line railroad, coming home from Howard's ordination, April 23 — and for lack of paper there was penciled on a fly-leaf of Goethe's "Elective Affinities".
Copied into this book, May 7 - 1874.

74.

Donated by
Helen McCleary

Poems

Composed by Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford,
and copied into
this book
for
her daughter
Florence Elisabeth Hanaford.

" "

This book was purchased in Jersey City, May 6. 1874.
My 45th birthday. P. A. H.

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In darkness and in gloom,
They laid the dust which love conveyed
From Afric's wilds swift home;
But where upon the marble shaft
The sunshine oft can play,
And birds with sweet, wild note may sing
Above it ~~every~~ day by day.

And there the moonbeams oft may rest
Upon the explorer's grave,
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Of lands beyond the wave:
Of lands beneath the tropic sun
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Copied into this book, May 7-1874.

Crystal Wedding Rhymes.

For Alfred C. and Sarah A. Drew, New Haven, Ct. May 5. 1874.

While Time has traveled fast and far,
You've journeyed side by side,
Till fifteen years have rolled away
Since first the wife was bride.
And still with love your hearts are warm
Still glad your pulses play,
And with thanksgiving heart and voice
You keep your crystal day.

God bless you still in years to come,
Till silver chimes shall ring,
And with his choicest blessings grant
The golden day to bring.
And while in faith and love you still
Shall tread the hither side,
May glorious visions come to you
Of home beyond the tide.

There, when no more we meet below
There shall we meet and rest,
There shall our hearts with rapture thrill
Amid communion blest.

And bright before our eyes shall glow
The heavenly crystal sea,
And one unbroken circle then
Shall all our loved ones be.

Composed on the back of Elwood Hope's letter, in my study,
Sent to W. H. in season to be read at Social Readers, May 5.

I am Immortal.

These were the oft-repeated and final words of Rev.
J. S. Bartholomew, D.D. pastor of Newark church. N.J.

"I am immortal", said the man of God,
Whose lips were touched as with immortal fire,
Whose feet long traveled in the upward road,
Leading the flock that would to heaven aspire.

"I am immortal", said the lips grown pale,
Though from the eye beamed forth the quenchless light;
And weary was he in the path of pain,
Yet o'er his soul there came no gloom of night.

"I am immortal," still the preacher said,
Though from his pulpit he could speak no more,
And fast the silent boatman toward him sped
To bear his spirit to the shining shore.

"I am immortal" — tears attest our grief
That he was mortal also, and must go
To that fair land where falls no withered leaf,
Where death comes not, nor sound of mortal woe.

"I am immortal"! — oh inspiring thought! —
Well might the words gleam o'er his silent clay,
Within the church where he so lately taught,
In burning words, the true and living way.

"I am immortal"! yes, the soul hath sped
Beyond the sight of loving, longing eyes;
But oh! the noble preacher is not dead,
He shares the rest and glory of the skies.

"I am immortal", all whom he hath taught,
In loving echo evermore can say,
Until Time's sorrows shall become as naught,
As night is lost in the eternal day.

"I am immortal", he will say, once more,
To friends beloved, as, on the glittering strand,
He welcomes those whose trials all are o'er
Safe at his side within the Promised Land.

The above poem was written one morning, in May, 1874, while waiting for breakfast, just after reading Rev. A. T. Patterson's sermon on Dr. B. It was read at a Social Union of the Jersey City parish - at their first meeting in the pastor's at 5 Westcott Place, and afterwards published in the "Christian Leader".

To Mr & Mrs. W. W. Wait.

For thirty years, dear friends, your feet,
The paths of life have trod,
Each year we trust your spirits too,
Have drawn yet nearer God.
And now you stand upon this height
And overlook the way; -
How is it, friends, how seems to you
In truth, the present day?

Can you not say that God hath led
You weary feet along,
And at the end hath given to you
The cheerful, victor's song?
Dark clouds have lowered sometimes above
Your home so bright and fair,
And the death-angel came one day,
And left a vacant chair.

And yet, though she to heaven soared -
Your light and joy and pride,
You could not call on God unkind,
Though He your hopes denied.
For to Himself he gathered her -
The blossom of your home,
And whispered - "In the paths of sin
Her feet shall never roam".

For, safe within the pearly gates
From every sorrow free,
Your darling child, so sweet and pure,
Henceforth shall dwell with me.
And years have come and years have gone,
Since Florence went away,

And now you keep, in hope and peace,
Your thirtieth Wedding day.

Hope gilds the path you yet may tread
Toward that bright land afar,
For she you loved so well hath left
The radiant gates ajar.
And peace may reign within your souls,
As you his promise claim,
Who yet will gather all the race
To bow at Jesus' name.

All shall be gathered home at last,
You precious ones and mine,
And on the brow of every saint
The victor's crown shall shine.
There shall you meet — oh, friends beloved!
Your dear ones gone before,
There shall the "Social Readers" rest
There meet to part no more.

Then let us keep the Mother's Day,
Though we must dwell apart,
With hope for coming years & joy,

With love in every heart.
And blending with the rose of love
Will twine the olive now,
And pledge ourselves to noble deeds
And keep the blessed vow.

The above was read by Mrs. Greenman I think – for me – at the house of the Waits – in New Haven – on Mothers' Day – 1874. It has not yet been published. Copied here Sept. 74 R.

Sounding Sea.

Near my home in happy childhood,
Roamed I oft in careless glee,
Gladly listening to thy music,
Sounding Sea, Sounding Sea.

Chorus
Sing the bass in Nature's anthem,
Let it ever rise from thee,
Mingling with earth's many voices,
Sounding sea, Sounding sea.

Billows of the broad Atlantic,
Welcome is your voice to me,

And with joy my soul exclaimeth -
Sounding sea - Sounding sea.
Chorus

Wheresoe'er my feet may wander,
Wheresoe'er my home may be,
Never shall I cease to love thee,
Sounding sea, Sounding sea.
Chorus.

On thy broad and heaving bosom
Floats the banner of the free
Never may thy waves overwhelm it,
Sounding sea, Sounding sea.

This was written when my children were quite young, and printed with pen, so that Howard could read the words and sing it to the tune of "Harrestallow". Never published.

Sumner Memorial.

In March - 1874 - the colored people in New Haven had a tableau representation in Loomis Temple of Sumner's remains with the goddess of liberty weeping - and mourners standing near. This hymn was sung by Nellie Bradley, while colored people joined in the chorus. Air "We are waiting by the riv."

We are standing by the river,
Which faith's eye alone can span,
Mourning for the noble Sumner
Valiant for the rights of man.

This was the chorus the rest was as follows -

We are standing by the river
Over which a soul hath sped,
And our hearts are sad and lonely
For our champions with the dead.
Chorus.

Swift the tidings of his going
Flashed along the quivering wire,
Sad news to the high and lowly,
Telling with a tongue of fire.
Chorus.

In the wailing hymn of sorrow
Black and white alike may blend;
Sumner's was the voice of wisdom
He was ever Freedom's friend.

Chorus.

God who gave him now hath taken,
But his name shall cherished be,
While the flag to us so precious
Floats above the brave and free.

To Katie, on her 18th birthday, 15 Dec. 1874.

Written for her mother to send, with a gift.

Her mother is Mrs. Sophia C. Hoffman, 569 5th Ave. New York

A Mother's blessing on thee, child,
A woman now to be,
A Mother's greeting in the hour
When Custom calls thee free.
But still her circling arms will clasp
The daughter of her love,
And, ever, as of yore, will she
Thy guardian seek to prove.

Sweet child thou hast a sunbeam been
within our home for years,
I yield thee unto womanhood
with hopes and not with fears.
For thou hast shown the gentle traits
The noble and the pure,
Which bid us hope our child may still
Be love's fair exposure.

Loved daughter, thou hast shared in joy
A father's watchful care,
A mother's tender love hath blessed
Thy pathway many a year.
And while the years shall onward pass
That care and love will be
With earnest wish and needful aid
Still gladly given thee.

And still we pray that she whose voice
Is music to our ears,
Whose face is like the flowers of spring
Whose very smile endears,
May walk in wisdom's peaceful path
And in her pleasant way,

Through all the years that she this side
The pearly gate may stay.

God's blessing on thee rest, again
The mother's heart must say
And over and over repeat the prayer
Through many a night and day,
For ne'er the love can name which woke
At first when thou wert born,
Nor will it cease when we behold
The light of Endless morn.

God give thee many happy years
Thy womanhood make grand
With noble deeds of use and love,
And help thee to withstand
Each tempter's wile, each spirit foe,
Till crowned amid that throng
Who follow Duty's voice, nor heed
False Pleasure's syren song.

God keep thee, bless thee, make thee fair
In heaven's own light divine,

And bid the radiance of thy soul
On other paths to shine.
Till from to heaven's height thou shalt
with angels take thy stand,
And strike the harp of praise with me
In God's glad spirit land.

The True Woman's Ballot.

(This poem was written for the Annual Meeting of the New York Woman Suffrage Society - in Feb. 1855. and was read by and printed in the New York Sun.)

Air: "Star Spangled Banner".

Oh say do you see in the sky of our times
The bright ushers of day, and the tokens of morning,
Will the radiance of Justice wake Liberty's chimes,
Will the darkness of Ignorance vanish with dawning?
Are you catching the gleam of the glorious beam,
That is sparkling and flashing on Time's flowing stream?
Oh say does the true woman's ballot appear
As the helper of Right, and the beacon of Cheer?

When our way shall be darkened o'er life's troubled sea,
Then Truth's far flashing pharos shall guide the bold sailor,
And the souls that have trembled lest shipwreck should be,
Shall find that in Woman the land has her Savior,
And the anarchy feared, save by high souls who dared,
We will shun evermore in the government shared—
While the true woman's ballot shall stand for the Right,
In the day when the brave with injustice shall fight.

Let us fear not the foe that with Ignorance dwells,
Spurn the cringing Uriahs that with mock modest shrinking
Heap reproaches on those who ring Tyranny's Knells,
And fear to be strong enough for their own thinking!
By the glory of Right with its grandeur of Might,
We will gain for the nation true Liberty's light,
And the true woman's ballot the story shall tell
That the land has her sons and her daughters as well.

O thus be it ever as ages roll on
As the land that we love turns each page of her story,
May her women and men without hindrance or scorn,
In harmony toil, side by side for her glory;
And the dawn's holy ray, that we welcome to day
Shall advance to high twelve on humanity's way,
While the true woman's ballot shall bring to the world
All the glory whose hint was our banner unfurled.

The Sunshine Within.

Louisa M. Alcott wrote to Ellen E. Miles concerning her father, A. Bronson Alcott, the following; "Father is happy and comfortable, sitting in the shadow till the sunshine comes". I sent a copy to Louisa, and I read it at "Social Readers" - on our first meeting, at Mrs. Waterhouse's - April 1, 1885.

Yes, the gleam of the Easter moon soon will arrive,
And the song of the blue-bird begin,
Oh, the sunshine is coming, is coming along,
And the sunshine is with him - within!

From the dawn of his day he has walked with his God,
In the light of the truth he has been,
Till the shadows of evening are scarcely perceived
So great is the sunshine within.

But the hour when the glow of Eternity comes
His spirit will greet with "Amen",
For ~~thus~~ his heart is at rest ~~with~~ in the love of the good,
And the sunshine is Ever within.

Dear God! be it thus with thy children who bear
Sweet thoughts of his converse and pen,
May the years as they dawn bring the sunbeams of Love,
And Truth's gleaming be ever within.

— " — " —

"Licht, Lieben, Leben".

The bronze statue of Herder, in Weimar, has a scroll in its hand on which is inscribed, in the German language, the words, "Light, Love and Life".

Light! for the preacher sought to spread afar,
The radiance flooding all his soul with joy,
Which beamed upon him through the gates ajar
The wisdom from above, without alloy.

~~Life~~ Love! for the burden of his prophecy
Was only Light, as it was bright and glad,
Sweet with the promise of a home on high
Beyond the woes that make earth's pathways sad.

Life! for alone with truth and love we live,
In nearness to the Master find our rest

In fellowship with His divineness give
The love wherewith humanity is blest.

Light, Love and Life! — oh, words of holy might!
~~Blest the human soul~~
With courage ye the human soul inspire,
Glad in each day and calm in sorrow's night
To tread the path that lifts the spirit higher.

O Love, Supremest of the holy three,
Thou art both light and life, for hope and faith
May fade with mortal need but thou shalt reign,
Chief o'er the high soul conquering sin and death.

The Mother Satisfied.

I note the following lines for Mrs. Richardson, after Lettie's death in Oct. 1884. It was Mrs. R's cousin — Rev. George Bentley — of Norwich, Conn — who wrote the widely known poem — "I shall be satisfied".

I shall be satisfied when once again
Thy voice, my darling, greets my raptured ear,
And echoing tones in memory's halls of pain
Give place to love's ~~sweet~~ own music, sweet and clear.

I shall be satisfied, when at my side
The dear ones gather whom I miss and mourn,
And thy sweet face, my latest glorified,
Shall beam upon me in the eternal morn.

I shall be satisfied, but while I wait,
I need thy strength, my Savior! Come to me,
And whisper comfort from the pearly gate
On whose fair threshold stands my child with Thee.

I shall be satisfied, but not when Spring
Shall bring the blossoms that she early sought,
Nor yet when Autumn's golden days shall bring
The fair blue gentians with sad memories fraught.

Far o'er the waters that between us roll,
Lies the fair land to which my child hath sped,
There grows the lily like her young, pure soul;—
I am not satisfied to call her dead.

She lives, and I shall yet be richly blest,
And satisfied in full that earth for me

Should don her autumn robes while thou dressest
For the fair bridal with Eternity.

I shall be satisfied for when we meet
There can no solemn sounds of parting blend
With the glad welcomes wherewith we shall greet
In that bright home where all our sorrows end.

There gathered once again with all we love,
In the dear presence of the Crucified,
No more to weep, no more apart to rove,
Dear, darling child, I shall be satisfied.

Easter Flowers.

1885.

(To Sarah J. Root.)

Welcome is their bloom and beauty
On this Easter morn
Welcome as the star whose glory
Shone where Christ was born.
For the life — then all before Him —
Hath been nobly spent,

And the grave which late enclosed him
By His might is rent.

So the earth from winter bondage
Now is freed again,
And the ever welcome robin
Sings his sweet refrain.
Frost and darkness vanish swiftly
From this Easter dawn,
And the Christian, trusting, haileth
Resurrection-morn.

These sweet blossoms in their beauty
Speak of that fair clime
Where the dear ones who have left us
Now keep holy time.
In our songs of Easter gladness
Their high praises blend
Whose dear love outlasts all changes
And can never end.

God's own promise, too, remaineth,
Seed-time comes again,

And the Master's voice answeth,
Life and Love remain.
He hath lived and died and risen,
We his steps pursue,
With the Lord of life and glory
We shall live anew.

The Arbutus.

(Mrs. Maria L. Owen having called my attention to the fact that there is a wordy conflict going on in reference to the pronunciation of the word "arbutus" — and that she, herself, in the Boston Transcript has given Cowper, E. B. Browning, and Virgil as authorities for placing the accent on the first syllable, I heed her suggestions and give the following rhymes as my effort to write the earliest American stanzas in which the accent is thus placed.)

Sweet arbutus! I hail thee now!
Such fragrance as thine own
Reminiscent of the censer's breath
That swings before the Throne —
The springtime prayer of thankful hope,

Since God's sure word hath said,
Seed-time and harvest shall not fail,
There shall be daily bread.

Sweet arbutus! thy fragrance brings
Dear faces to my view,
Which bend above the asphodels,
Where God makes all things new:—
They speak with Kitty Carver where
~~They~~ All recognise the Power,
That ~~make the Governor's sweet child~~,
To say "God made this flower!"

I may not seek the arbutus
Today where poets dwell,
As on a distant Mayday which
I've cherished long and well.
But in my heart I cherish still
The beauty and the bloom
Of that fair blossom, and the rare,
The arbutus, perfume.

I would that on my native isle
Where grows that fragrant flower
I might this blessed Easter time
Spend many a happy hour,
And gather, on the greening moors,
Where winds the trailing vine,
The arbutus, whose little cups
Bear the aroma fine.

I should not care if arbutus
Should be its English name,
Or sweet arbutus it should be
To those of Pilgrim fame,
Nor yet if Virgil umpire be
In this accenting strife
I'd only reach to grasp the flower
Whose scent with Spring is rife.

The above was published in the Nantucket Mirror of April 25. 1885.

Buy Olds's Pies.

(after Longfellow)

The Winter's snows were falling fast,
When rapidly some wagons passed,
And on them was this sage device,
Wise counsel mid the snow and ice,
"Buy Olds's Pies!"

Anon, the Spring, with tender bloom,
Beheld those wagons hastening home
To get a larger, new supply
For those who sing, as they eat pie,
"Buy Olds's pies!"

When Summer's scorching heats draw nigh,
The public asks again for pie,
And as the household fires burn low,
All say, "Not to home's larder go,
Buy Olds's pies"!

The Autumn's leaves, with golden glow,
Next rustle where the wagons go;
And, knowing who the fruit has bought,

All short, — Thanksgiving in the thought —
"Buy Olds's pies!"

So, ~~as~~ though the seasons ~~as~~ still they go,
Those laden wagons, fast or slow;
Amid the cold, amid the heat; —
In storm or calm, we still repeat
"Buy Olds's Pies!"

Katcitcistaquast*.

Readly Mrs. L. B. Austin at a lawn reception party
given to Mrs. Emmie A. Smith - Detroit, Mich.
at Gen. & Mrs. L H Trowbridge's - 13 Madison ave.
Aug. 24. 1885.

Beautiful Flower of the Snow-white Bear,
So far where the western sun glows bright,
Now blooming amid the blossoms fair,
On the lawn of an distant friends tonight,

Where the Indian roams o'er the pathless land,
In the flowery bloom of the prairied West,

* Beautiful Flower —

Thy feet may tread, but thy home is still
In the East with the friends who loved thee ~~first~~ best.

We lend thee to those whose hearts beat high
With love for science that the wise unfold,
Full sure they will prize the priceless flower
That bloomed on a tribal day of old.

Mid the Tuscarora legends thou
With a zeal which merits a martyr's crown
Hath chased the phantoms of brains long still,
And brought the truth with its symbol down.

Thou'st given the student a wider range
With the lore thou hast gained in Indian homes,
And the future sees on the linguist's shelves
Thy strange-voiced volumes amid his tomes.

Then let the West hail what the East holds dear,
And welcome Ermine and every wise friend,
Of the Band Scientific whose ermine ~~unstain~~
Make them worthy to meet where the East so fair
and West blend.

Success to Erminine, success to the wise
Who would fain advance Science in her pathway sublime,
Success to the West in its enterprise vast,
Success to the Truth - marching on tho' all time!

The Master's Legacy.

(Written for the Connecticut Peace Meeting held at Mystic - Aug. 19-20-1885. Read by a Dr. Towne there.)

"Peace I leave with you", once the Master said—
The peace of heaven resting on His brow,
And this his legacy we humbly claim—
The priceless gift the world is needing now.

Peace—wherein Labor can her marvels work—
Her wonders wrought with patience and with skill—
Her triumphs gain which mark the world's advance,
Still on and up to meet Divinest Will.

Peace - wherein homes may cluster 'neath the vines
Of loving shelter, and of friendly trust,
Where hearts shall throb in sympathy for those
Whose tears are shed when dust returns to dust.

Peace, where the flag of freedom floats afar
Above a land redeemed from Slavery's woe,
A land so dear that from the curse of War
We seek to guard it in the future too.

Peace over all the earth — the pure, white dove,
At home in every clime where man may dwell, —
Peace making earth a foretaste of that land
Where souls in love's environment excel.

Oh Thou who movest on the solemn deep
Of Time's vast chaos, bring the morning ray —
Then Peace shall prove that Order is enthroned,
And all mankind shall hail the glorious day!

The Knight-Errantry of Science.

[In "Glaucus", Rev. Charles Kingsley says, of Mr. E. Forbes, author of "British Star-Fishes" — the following words:-
"This delightful writer and eager investigator has just died, in the prime of life, from disease contracted, it is said, during a scientific journey in Asia Minor, one more martyr to the Knight-errantry of science".

Both brave and honest-hearted they
Who won their spurs of yore,—
Not less the scientists of our age
Who seek for occult lore:
Who wrest from Nature's grasp her key
And enter where, till now,
No foot has trod the sacred aisle,
Before its shrine to bow.

They seek for knowledge with the zeal
The brave Crusaders shared,
When for the Holy Sepulchre
They died as well as dared.
The chemist queries of the powers
Which live although he dies,
While seeking for the farthest Force
To solve all mysteries.

And by the sea, and from the rocks
The Knights of science true,
Are winning laurels as they find
The wonderful and ~~true~~ new.

Peace, where the flag of freedom floats afar
Above a land redeemed from Slavery's woe,
A land so dear that from the curse of War
We seek to guard it in the future too.

Peace over all the earth — the pure, white dove,
At home in every clime where man may dwell,—
Peace making earth a foretaste of that land
Where souls in love's environment excel.

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Which live although he dies,
While seeking for the farthest Force
To solve all mysteries.

And by the sea, and from the rocks
The Knights of science true,
Are winning laurels as they find
The wonderful and ~~true~~ new.

Peace to the soul that long for freedom battled
Rest to the brain
That poured its thoughts for peace while death-balls rattled
That peace to gain.
Oh God of comfort to the orphaned, weeping
In this dark hour,
A parent's watch and ward above them keeping,
Reveal Thy power!

Softly the crystals of the winter resting
Upon his grave
Shall speak of his pure life, his solemn breasting
Of Passion's wave.
Greenly the long and pleasant grass which waveth
In days to come
Shall ~~keep~~ speak his memory in the land he laveth
For heaven's bright home.

His was the faith that saw a future fairer
Than earth could show
Where wait the poet-sisters* welcome rarer
Than earth could know.

*Phebe and Alice Cary

Farewell, brave worker! now thy memory twining
With Margaret's* fame,
Forgot be all that once forbade the shining
Of Greeley's name!

*M. Fuller who wrote for Tribune)

Loving Praise.

"All loving praise seems like a crown upon my life".

Sweet, let me crown thee, for the voice of praise
Rises like fountain from love's hidden spring
I can but speak in praise of one so dear,
And of thy charms, beloved, I must sing.

Bend thy pure eyes, lit by love's holy fire,
Upon mine own and read the welcome there,
Let that sweet smile irradiate the face
That lives in memory as so passing fair.

And, dear one, let thy voice to me declare
Thy hope for coming days when Right shall be,
The victor in this world, where Woman toils,
And waits and prays her freedom hour to see.

Then let me go with thee where children's eyes
Look full in thine with reverent, loving gaze,
And as I think of all thy faithful toil
Let me, sweet friend, crown thee with loving praise.

Take thou thy place forever in my heart
A niche prepared for thee is surely there
Long has it waited, though I knew not why
But read the cause as thou dost nestle there.

Upon thy hair with mizaly blossoms white,
Fair tokens of the ripened soul, I look,
And joy to know those locks a glory crown
For her whose name is in the Lamb's great book.

Take thou these humble rhymes which cannot tell
One half the love that glows within my soul,
For her whose spirit's oneness with mine own
Tells that we're striving for the same high goal.

Upon thy brow the kiss of praise I leave
Upon thy lips love's holy chrism place

Hoping for some glad home of earth or heav'n,
When all my heart's fond love I can express.

Go on in Duty's path; and ~~may~~ round thy Way
May blossoms sweet of hope and joy and love
In beauty bloom, till side by side we rest
Amid the amaranths of the land above.

Two Verses

Written for the Albums of Lewis and Vincent Mulford.
Oct. 15. 1885.

In youth choose thou the better part,
And give to God thy youthful heart,
Then manhood shall be happiness,
And all around thee thou shalt bless.

May thy years as on they speed,
Be with truth made glad indeed,
May thy life a blessing be,
To the hearts that cherish thee!

I Gather Them In

(A parody on Park Benjamin's, "Old Sexton" — a bass solo.)

Nigh to the door of a bar-room grand,
Stood a well dressed man with a beckening hand,
His work began with the morning horn,
And he labored on with his utmost power.
A winner of coin from the drunkard he,
And his heart was as hard as hard could be,
And this he said, with a horrid grin, —
"I gather them in — I gather them in.

Many are with me: I'm seldom alone,
I'm King of the cups, and I make my throne
On the counter slab of marble cold,
And my sceptre of rule is the glass I hold.
Come they from cottage or come they from hall,
The drinker's my subject, — all, all, all!
Let them loiter in coming, or hasten to sin,
I gather them in, I gather them in.

I gather them in, both man and boy,
Year after year in grief and joy,
I've poured the cup for far and near,

And non their wealth to my coffers have.
Come to my bar, oh, father and son!
Come to my death-hop, one by one!
But come as strangers or come as kin,
I gather them in, I gather them in.

I gather them in and I take their gold,
Their peace is bartered, their joy is sold,
And I laugh at them in their grief and woe,
And down to despair I bid them go."—
Ah, Man of sin! When the end shall be,
A mightier King shall conquer thee
~~And as~~ Will save the drunkards from woe and sin,
And a Saviour's love shall gather them in.

Priestley's Last Words.

"Farewell till the morning of the resurrection!"—

Farewell!, but not forever, we shall meet
Where shines the morn
That, without clouds, o'er all the universe
At last shall dawn

The morn of mercy when, forevermore,
All Adam's race,
Shall see with no vain doubts, no heart-sick fears,
The Father's face.

The morn of gladness when all human hearts
With joy pulsate
Because all Wrong is overcome by Right—
Love conquers Hate.

The morn of glory when all souls shall be
From sin made free,
And the loud anthem of redemption sounds
O'er land and sea.

Farewell until the resurrection morn,
When faith in sight
Is merged forever,—hope is satisfied—
And Love and Right

Rule in the spirit clad in bright array,
Life crowned and pure
Henceforth to dwell where flowers never fade
And joys endure.

To Mrs. Polly Pierpont Munson.
(Mother of Alfred P. Munson - New Haven)
On her 95th birthday -
July 22. 1886.

Though years have come and years have gone
Since Seventeen Hundred Ninety One -
Still art thou on the hither side,
Still mid earth's scenes dost thou abide.
And prompted by the loving heart,
We come to take our little part,
And with thy dear ones gladly say,
Most welcome is this festive day.

'Tis good, we feel, to be alive,
Though none of us are Ninety Five,
Except the one revered the most,
The honored mother of our host.
'Tis in her honor that we meet;
We lay our tributes at her feet,
And joy to know that length of days
Forbids her not to sing God's praise.

Long years ago the robins sang,
With summer songs the forests rang,

And in her youth, and in her prime,
This mother sang at holy time:
The robins did not warble long,
But year by year she kept her song,
And led the voices heard no more
Except upon the heavenly shore.

Dear mother-heart that beats to night
With love for all the True and Right,
We greet ~~your~~ thy Birthday with the songs
Which rise to heaven from youthful tongues.
And pray that when the years shall come
Which calls ~~you~~ thee to the heavenly home,
Faith may be strong and love attend
~~your~~ thine earthly pathway to the end.

Then to that father ~~you~~ thou shalt rise
Who fought for freedom's victories,
Who with brave Washington could share
The crossing of the Delaware,
And won the praise we give to those
Who battle with their country's foes;—
Victorious—bid the conflict cease,
And hail the dawn of righteous peace.

Thy hand has clasped the hand of one
Who saw and loved great Washington;
And memory links oftimes, for thee,
With those far years of History.
Child of a patriot sire! each brings
A reverence we give not to Kings;
And greets thee on thy natal day;—
"All Hail!" and "Farewell" now we say.

—"—"—

Huzza for Nantucket.

(Published in Nantucket Mirror.)

Huzza for old Nantucket, now.
She sits upon the main.
An island that was famous once
And ~~will be so~~ is renowned again

Her hardy sailors scanned the deep
For many a mighty whale,
And blue lagoon and arctic seas
Looked on her snowy sail.

Her sons and daughters write their names
On fame's emblazoned scroll,
But give to their loved, native isle,
The glory of the whole.

Now strangers flock to breathe her air,
And tread her flowery ways,
And find the balm of health which gives
Sweet peace and length of days.

Huzza for old Nantucket, then!
A long, a loud huzza!
Her ebbing tides must have their flow,
No cloud can dim her star.

Henry Ward Beecher.

Slowly moves the great procession,
Where the flowery tokens say
"Death is conquered, Life is victor,
Though his lips are still today.
Who hath taught the congregation,
Seen and unseen, year by year,
Till, his time of triumph arriving,
He, though dead, yet speaketh here.

Hour by hour the organ sounded,
Low and mournful, high and glad.
Joy for him from labors resting,
Those who stay alone are sad.
Flowers may strew the victor's pathway,
Flowers the pastor's bier may strew,
He who loved them, like his Master,
Taught through them the truths he knew.

Wreath and garland tell but faintly
How their hearts could round him twine,
To whose paths of gloom or gladness,
He hath borne the truths divine.
From the valley of the shadow
Like the Christ he loved so well
Of f he drew the trembling spirit
In the light henceforth to dwell.

Earth is richer for his living
Long amid her flowery sheen,
Touched with tints of fairer beauty
As the spots where he hath been.
Heaven is nearer through his teaching,
Words like his increase our faith.

And the grave is robbed of terror
Through his words that spoke of death.

How he told of love celestial
And the heart of Christ was seen
As the prodigal he welcomed
To the father's arms again.
How he helped the feet so tender
O'er the rough and thorny way,
Like his Lord — the world's good Shepherd —
Seeking, finding, night and day.

When the nation, bruised and bleeding,
Plead, through him, its righteous cause,
How he won the wide approval
Justice gives with her applause!
Hearts beyond the sea are grieving,
Tender tribute now they pay
To the brave and fearless speaker
Of that dark and troubled day.

When the brand of chattel slav'ry
Stamped our nation false to those

Who the stiped and starry banner,
First flung out to meet her foes,
How his voice was heard protesting!
How he battled for the slave!
Wonder not when sable faces
Bend with tears above his grave.

He hath been of chains a breaker,
He hath spoken words of power,
Oft he strove the world to waken,
As he hailed Truth's dawning hour.
Thousands found their blessed freedom—
By his words in Christ made free—
And those thousands mourn his absence,
O'er our land from sea to sea.

But the truth he spoke remaineth
And "his soul is marching on"
In the land where flowers are fadeless,
More and more of God to learn.
They who mourn, their loyal friendship
Best by loyal lives can show,
They his teachings who have welcomed
Plant like seed whence flowers may grow.

Build the monument of marble!
His bronze statue rear in pride!
Yet by hearts those truths who cherish
Shall his fame be spread more wide,
So that coming years shall know him -
In the Truth's victorious fight, -
As the brave and fearless leader,
Ever pleading for the Right.

Churning.*

Chum! chum! chum!
How the dasher used to fly!
How the hands were lifted high!
And how hands and arms would ache,
Ere the butter we could make,
Chum, chum, churning.

Chum! chum! chum!
What a pleasant change has come! -
Spinning wheels no longer hum; -
But the old churn too is gone,

---

* Suggested by the fact that Mrs. Lizzie Barnes, Waltham was to read a paper before the Farmers Club on Butter Making, as it was its. — Miller
Nov. 24. 1888.

And they wheel the butter on,
Churn, churn, churning.

Churn! churn! churn!
Turn the handle, beat the cream,
While you churn thus you may dream;
Easy is the work today,
Almost we can call it play,
Churn, churn, churning.

Churn! churn! churn!
Thus the years as on they roll,
Bring the helps to heart and soul;
Farmers' wives, from toil set free,
Sing a song of jubilee,
Churn, churn, churning.

To Dionis C. Warner. Nov. 24. 1886.

Dear little golden-hair!
Darling blue eyes!
How I long to see you!
What a sweet surprise
If I could but haste away,
And be with you Thanksgiving Day!

Dear little grandchild!
Darling one afar!
How I long to hear you
Chatter where you are!
How I'd love to ride away
And be with you Thanksgiving Day!

Dear little precious girl!
Darling to us all!
Summer days were better
Than those of the Fall —
Because you had not gone away
To keep elsewhere Thanksgiving Day.

Dear little far-off child!
Darling Dio, list!
Baby of my baby! you
Here are sorely missed.
Gladly would I hear you say
"I'll be there Thanksgiving Day".

Dear little golden hair!
Darling blue eyes!
Somebody cares for you

Here, and in the skies,
Blessing you where'er you stay,
Keeping glad Thanksgiving day.

Lines Written for Two Pictures. (in 1874 or 5)

O blest is the vision that gives to the child
A face bending o'er her so tender and mild,—
The smile of a mother—oh, wavelet of joy!
A part of the gladness that hath no alloy,—
Ah! sweet will the orphan's slumbers be,
Of the darling her mother in dreams may see.

The Picture is called
The Orphan's Dream
pub. by Allan in Augusta, Me.

Sweet child! thy mother is watching o'er thee,
Thy steps and thy slumber her watchful eyes see,
By day and by night she is oft at thy side
Though her home's with the asphodels o'er the tide,
The mother's a mother though years may go by,
And the love of the mother-heart never can die.

The second picture was called "Welcome Home."

Through the blooming meadows tripping
Comes the elder sister dear,
Watchful eyes await her coming
Eyes at times dimmed with a tear.

All day long in play so lively
Weary little feet now roam,
Toward the stile in hopes to see her,
And cry "Sister, Welcome Home!"

She has come — the darling sister!
Come from auntie's n from school,
All the air is full of music,
Happiness once more shall rule.
Little eyes with joy are beaming,
Since once more the playmates come,
And each word and look and action
Says, "Dear Sister, Welcome Home!"

"Sunny Side".

Inscribed to Mrs. H. H. Olds - Aug. 29. 1888.

The place that knew him is as fair today
As when his feet could tread
The winding paths, and to his eye appeared
So bright each blossom bed.

But this fair home knows him, alas! no more,
Will know him nees again —
And in this thought, though bright this summer day
Lies cloud and cold and pain.

Yet why should we repine a fairer land
His feet may tread today —
The paths are smooth, the flowers are very fair,
And never fade away.

However beautiful the earthly homes,
Here none can long abide,
But fairer and eternal too shall be
Our Home beyond the tide.

And in that land of rest we'll greet again,
The gentle soul that planned
This "Sunny Side", enjoyed the sweet retreat,
Then sought the fairer land.

There to keep evermore the gates ajar
For her he loved so true,
Till in that better land their wedded life
Once more they could renew.

Home's Prima Donna.

(Inscribed to Alice Louise Demorest, "Baby Dem".)

April 1889.

Hark! a bird-like voice is singing,
"Twinkle, twinkle, little star!"
Sweet the silvery echoes ringing
"How I wonder what you are!"
Glad I turned the child to greet,
With a voice so very sweet.

On her face the light is falling,
From the land of holy love,
To our hearts Christ's words recalling,—
"Of such is the realm above":
Darling "Al-Lou!" heaven is near,
When thou and thy song art here.

Child of love!— in grace and beauty
Sing along thy coming years,
Help to make each path of duty
Free from needless doubts and fears.
While the beams of Bethlehem's Star
Lend thee radiance from afar.

—u—

Alexander H. Coffin
Phoenix Jan 21. 1890

A. H. C.

He rests: – the veil of death is drawn
Between his speech and ours,
He cannot tell us what came first
With the immortal hours.
He may not whisper of the face
That bent above him there,
When life, a candle, flickered out,
Then life, a sun, rose fair.

Mourn not: the ripened sheaf today
Has reached the harvest home
~~This~~ race is run, ~~the~~ voyage is der,
The Master's voice said "Come".
He shares the morning without clouds
He sees the angel band
He waits to greet our welcome feet
Upon the shining strand.

Jan. 22. 1890.

"Richard."

He sleeps beneath the lofty pines,
His requiem they sound,
And green o'er him the grass will grow,
Flowers bloom in beauty round.
But in our hearts a name will be –
Though all the years to come,
Our pet, with all his pleasant ways,
Has vanished from our home.

O Richard! we shall think of thee
In many a future day;
We mourn, as now the tear drops fall,
That thou hast passed away.
We miss the pattering step which came
To greet us on the stair,
We look around thy favorite haunts –
In vain – thou art not there.

We hear no more as we have heard
Thy low purr of delight
No more thy graceful form, sweet pet,
Shall greet our longing sight.

* A cat which we had in Reading, Mass. who was shot, and over whose sufferings and death my children and I mourned. These lines were scribbled then – in 1868, I think.

The Christmas days will come and go,
But thou will not be here,
Yet in our hearts thy memory
Will be forever dear.

And righteous indignation say,—
How cruel he must be,
That casts the shadow of the grave
On us, tho' lost of thee!

Death comes to all, but better far
For God to strike the blow
Which lays our hopes, our loves, our joys,
In mournful silence low.

Alas! that man should take His place
To Whom alone belongs,
The right to call forth wailing notes,
Instead of grateful songs.

Father! forgive such cruel men,
They know not what they do
Who choose revenge instead of peace,
And make a friend a foe.

Copied here March 9. 1890. I found them scribbled on the back of a letter about the Cretans from S. G. Howe, the philanthropist, dated May 1. 1868.

Husking Corn.

We are gathered at the husking;
Cheerily the time goes on,
Every heart with joy is beating
As we husk the golden corn.
Who shall say Youth has no pleasures,
That shall look this scene upon,
See the merry, gladsome faces,
Of the children husking corn!

When the red ear brightly glowing
In some maiden's hand is shown
Lo! the gleesome kiss of childhood
Comes to her who holds the corn;
By and by, this glad scene over,
We shall to our homes return
Yet we often shall remember
This bright circle husking corn.

I don't know when the above was scribbled. Poor poetry to be sure, but, doubtless, a pleasant occasion. My children may possibly remember where we were.
Copied here Jan. 9. 1890.

To Fraternit Lodge.
(I.O.G.T.)

Read by me at their anniversary, May 22 - 1865.

I give you greeting in this festal hour,
In your fair home beside the sounding sea,
And "Crystal Lake" this mehr greeting sends,
To friends esteemed in your "Fraternity".

A Templar's greeting do I give to you
Grasping your hands with our mystic sign
Whispering the word with accents soft and low,
Heard by your ears alone and the divine.

I give you greeting in the bonds so dear,
Which bind our hearts to every Templar true,
The golden links of which our motto tells,
"Faith, Hope and Love", such as the angels know.

Fill high the bowl tonight but not with wine
That hurls the monarch from the mental throne,
Fill high with social joy - the wine of life -
Poured in the goblet by the Holy One!

I give you greeting who have onward passed
Once, twice and thrice to high degree have strivn

From Sinai and from Horeb comes the voice,
And from Gerizim calling us to heaven.

We hear but to obey, if Templars true,
And heaven we find within the human soul,
From passions and from ignorance set free
And owning only Duty's high control.

Templars rejoice! for when our Chief shall come
To gather all in His vast Lodge supreme,
Those shall be crowned, who toiled or suffered here,
In His great cause, the wayward to redeem.

Toil we then, faithful, in our noble cause,
Intemperance driving from our loved land,
And Woman freeing from all needless bonds,
And in God's service strengthening every hand.

So shall we gather in the world on high
Bright festivals to keep where amaranths bloom,
Where none are absent, and where God shall make
His dear love-ransomed children all at home.

Copied here Mar. 5. 1890.

{Poor poetry, and imbued with old theology.

To Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

Thou hast taken thy place in the circle of saints
Which chant round the throne of the Highest,
And art gazing on Him whose grand purpose of love
In the light of His smile thou descriest.

We miss thee on earth with thy lyre e'er attuned
To sing in the praise of the Holy,
And cheer in the pathway of sorrow and gloom
The children of earth, high or lowly.

We miss thee but friendship still cherishes all
Thou hast written to guide, or to bless us,
And we'll walk in the path where thy footsteps have trod,
Till we reach where thy love can caress us.

And there mid the glory that shines evermore,
The bliss that shall pass away never,
Thy loved ones shall greet thee, and learn of thee still,
And share in thy progress forever.

Then green round thy brow shall the poet's wreath twine,
Thy grave bloom with amaranth flowers,
Thy words stir the heart in the ages to come,
Thy home be in heaven's sweet bowers.

Oh then the Lord Jesus shall smile upon thee
His truth to thy spirit revealing,
And the book of His wisdom wide open shall be,
Now in symbols His glory concealing.

Sweet poet, true friend, and the child of our God,
The servant of Christ, the Anointed,
We rejoice that thy feet for those long years pursued
Truth's paths by Best Wisdom appointed.

Nor can we regret that they tread now the paths
Through those pastures of plenty so vernal,
Where the river of life doth all peacefully glide
And thy bliss is secure and eternal.

Copied here March 9. 1890. I think it was sent to the New Jerusalem Messenger, but do not remember whether it was published. It is dated 27. Nov. 1865.

Written probably early in 1863.

Randall Mann.

O write his name among the brave,
Who have for Freedom died,
And speak it with respectful tone,
Aye! with a touch of pride.
For he hath won immortal bays —
A grateful land's renown —
And tho' the dear God's only Son,
We hope, a heavenly crown.

O weary hearts that weep for him
In this dark, gloomy day,
A brighter yet shall dawn, and God
Shall wipe your tears away.
When in the coming future glows
Our land, as gold refined,
You will rejoice with Freedom's hosts
And look no more behind.

But gazing onward o'er the wave
Your patriot-martyr see
Rejoicing that he once was called
To die for Liberty.
Swift rolling years will bring the hour
When parted friends shall meet,
There may you hear your hero's voice
In heaven's hosannas sweet! —

Copied here Mar. 9. 1890

Pelo not remember for whom it was written, or anything about it.

Birthday Stanzas — To "Mother Ellen"
or
(To Mrs. Ellen M. Cartwright)

Sweet "Mother Ellen" on thy natal day
Once more my pen essays to speak thy praise,
And twine for thee a wreath of poesy,
Thus hallowing again my simple lays.

My heart is fondly twine in Christian bands,
And as returns this consecrated hour,
I think, with joy, how time's swift passing sands
~~When~~ Is hastning on the day of Jesus' power.

When on our paths eternal light shall shine,
When "thou and I" shall songs of triumph sing,
And gladly from our Master's Hand Divine,
Shall take the crown and hear His welcoming.

Mother! loved mother! shall we not press on?
Swift as the shuttle now the moments fly;
A little while the cross, and then the crown,
The palm branch, and the flowers that cannot die.

Press on, dear Mother, to the land of rest,
Though trials, like thorns, full oft thy path may strew,

When in the Promised Land, in Jesus' heart,
We will forget the Wilderness passed through.

I greet thee here upon my native isle,
And with this birth-day greeting say "Farewell!"
The tear must oft be ~~though~~ blended with the smile
While in this world of discipline we dwell.

Pray for me, mother, when the waves shall roll
Between thy island-home, and mine afar,
Pray that the peace of God be in my soul,
And I may follow Bethlehem's guiding star.

Farewell, sweet mother! may the Master's hand,
Still lead thee on thy pilgrim path in peace,
And till we meet amid the shining band,
Grant that our mutual love may never cease.

There, safe from sin, from all temptations free,
We'll praise that love to us so freely given,
Protecting us mid storms on life's wild sea,
And guiding safely to the port of heaven!

Copied Mar. 9. 1890.

Written in 1860 or 1865 - when I was in N. I think. Never published. More likely written in 1860, because so orthodox.

To A Friend.

(I think a Beverly lady - tho' I have entirely forgotten all about it)

I love thee - thou hast touched
A chord within my soul,
Which wakes to sweetest music new
At Love's control.

My prayer today ascends,
That conquering faith be given
To both our souls till we shall meet
In God's own sinless heaven.

Here we may seldom greet,
But there I'll tell to thee,
How dear amid those earthly scenes
Thy memory was to me.

There we will clasp the hand
Of friendship ne'er to die,
And purified from earthly dross,
There hold communion high.

There with the good and true,
Of every age and clime,
Dear voices we shall hear anew,
That ring the Eternal Chime.

Go on thy chosen path,
To God and duty true,

With reverent waiting on thy Lord
His blessed will to know.
High o'er the angry waves,
Mid life's wild tumult, hear
"'Tis I, be not afraid", my child,
"Be ever of good cheer".
And when the onward Voice
Shall say "Go Forward" to thee,
Press on — the waves shall leave a path
Through every crimson sea.
And on the other side
Of death's dark, shadowy vale,
The angel bands that guard the way,
Thy life-crowned soul shall hail.
Blest thought! that in Our Father's house
Beloved, we shall know
The fulness of supernal joy
We could not bear below.

Copied Mar. 9. 1890.

To _____

On thy pleasant picture gazing,
In my heart a prayer doth rise,
That, no ills thy path surrounding,
Peaceful, thou mayst reach the skies,
Calmly trusting
In His love that never dies.

Thou hast drunk from joy's full chalice,
Blossoms in thy path have grown
And e'en when the storm-clouds gathered
On them promise-bows were thrown.
Now thou art waiting
Till He calls thee further on.

Farther on where flowers are blooming
That decay shall never know,
Where a joyous welcome waits thee
From the loved of long ago.
Where the rivers
Of eternal goodness flow.

May thy peace be like a river,
Flowing strong and deep and wide,

Till thy last farewell be spoken
And then reach the Savior's side,
In His presence
Sinless, ever to abide.

Copied March 9. 1890.

Song for 'Sconset School. (Air "Auld Lang Syne")

And now we part, companions dear,
Now speak the word "farewell",
With smiles sometimes, sometimes a tear,
Our changeful thoughts to tell.
As summer sunbeams, soft and bright,
Through leafy branches shine,
So to us will school memories come
Sweet thoughts of "auld lang syne".

Our teacher we will love tho' far
From her we yet may stray,
And tread alone, or side by side,
Each God-appointed way.
We trust that lessons here were learned
Which will our lives adorn,
And bid us hail with holy joy
The soul's eternal morn.

Copied Mar. 10. 1890
I don't know when it was written.

Nellie says "it is prehistoric."

On Seeing a Portrait of Franklin.

O wondrous art! which can the features trace
Of those who won on earth an honored place
And to the palace and the lowly cot
Can give the impress of a lofty thought.
Glad is my spirit that his form is here
Whom I was tutored early to revere
Cherish his virtues, imitate them all,
And o'er his failings cast oblivion's pall,
And tho' I called not lightning from the skies
Yet to his lofty nature seek to rise,
Content in wisdom's upward path to tread
Till life's snow-crown should rest upon my head,
And like the Franklin gazing on me here
Serene and noble in old age appear.
As some far, lonely peak, the clouds above,
Is the safe home which soaring eagles love
So some great souls to Alpine heights sublime
Rise through their mental greatness, e'en in time,
And lovers of the noble seek to rise,
Attracted by them, to the upper skies,
Safe from the lower world's corroding care
And free from sin's fell grasp and subtle snare.
Thus Franklin, the industrious printer's boy,

Attracts my admiration, and, with joy,
I trace the path his eager footsteps trod,
Along his rough and thorny earlier road,
To where in calm benignity he stands
The sage and statesman known in many lands;
Beloved at home, revered where strangers dwell,
Far o'er the trackless waste where billows swell;
Immortal chaplets wreathe his noble brow
And History nameth him with reverence now,
And ne'er may dawn the dark, unwelcome day,
When Franklin's fame from us shall pass away,
Fa blended with our country's earliest breath,
Franklin and Freedom ne'er shall taste of death!

Copied Mar. 10. 1890 — Date of composition, Unknown.

Mabelle's Birthday,
in 1863.

Alas, my friend, that this thy natal day
Should find thee, weary, on the couch of pain,
Disease still threat'ning to take life away
And leave us lonely mourners here again.

Rebuke the demon of disease O Thou
Who healed the sick so oft in far Judea,
Give back to us our precious friend in health,
To aid and counsel us who linger here.

We know that loved ones wait her coming now
That heaven's gate for her is now ajar,
That shining hosts a welcome have for her
Whose songs her spirit heareth from afar.

But we must hold her safe — those dear ones are
Ahead in our home beyond the tide
Bid them still wait, for oh! we need her here;
Spare yet another year our friend and guide!

Still to her kind companion spare the wife,
So early loved, so fondly cherished now,
And longer let her hand, oh, Father! rest
In blessing on her only daughter's brow.

Spare us our friend! our natal stars as change
From friendship's words, alone to earnest prayer;
And this one thought all others now dispels —
Oh God, our "Mabelle" to her dear ones spare!

— Never published, I think; but sent to Mabelle. —

Copied March 10. 1890.

Remember not any these lines

Whiting.

O mourning mother in this trial hour,
Look up to Him who raised the widow's son,
Hope thou to rest thee at his side in heaven,
Hope there to meet thy loved and cherished one.

Now for his country hath his life been given,
A sacrifice on Freedom's holy shrine,
God help thee, calmly, and with loving trust,
Into his hands thy darling son resign!

Not his th' ignoble life too many share,
But bright, though short, and lofty in its aim,
Worthy thy efforts in the bygone years,
Worthy to win the laurel crown of fame.

Thy prayers are answered for his faithful toil.
In duty's path through life's brief, earthly hour:
A mother's prayers are heard where angels sing
And thou shalt greet him on the shining shore.

Keep then thy soul in patience, few and fleet
The years ere thou shalt find thine own sweet rest,
Lean on the Everlasting Arm while billows roll
Then greet thy loved and lost amid the blest!

Copied Mar. 10. 1890.

To Mr. & Mrs. H. J. Barnes.

— May 6. 1890. —

I wall your joy of wedded love,
Through five years passed away,
The mother-heart asserts, no blip
Was like that on the day
When Baby came, so fair and sweet,
To fill your home with glee,
With precious hopes which future years,
With joy, fulfilled may see.

Sweet Margery! to her I send
My little gift today,
And keep your wooden wedding thus,
While earnestly I pray
That you may keep, in years to come,
Your Silver Wedding time,
And hear, at last, with joyous hearts,
Your Golden Wedding chime.

The Barnes family lived at 7 Sylvan Ave
Northtown, Conn. Nellie sent a wooden spoon and
masher tied with yellow ribbon - very pretty.
I sent box of letters. Replaced specimens.

"A Little While and Again A Little While".

A little while I linger mid these scenes;
So beautiful to me in summer's light,
A little while amid these precious friends,
Who oft have made my earthly pathway light

To Jane Coleman.

By Phebe A. Hanaford

Copied here on June 9. 1920.

Long years ago, dear little friend,
Upon my native isle
I knew a school mate named like you
With such a pleasant smile
It made the school time seem to me
Like home so sweet and dear,
And now I gladly once more meet
A bright Jane Coleman here.

"

I thank you for the lovely flowers
And your kind wishes too
And more than all that you are named
Like that school mate I knew.
We were but children, and the years
To both have changes brought
But still that dear name brings to me
Full many a loving thought.

"

And with a grateful heart I pray
As in the vanished ~~days~~ hours,
God bless Jane Coleman of today
Who sent the lovely flowers.

"